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purposes, may be termed sinful. I have observed some whole families, and very poor ones too, who have used tobacco in all possible ways, and some of them for more than half a century. Now, suppose the whole family, consisting of four, five, or six, to have used but 1s. 6d. worth a-week, then, in the mere article of tobacco, nearly £200 sterling is totally and irrecoverably lost in the course of fifty years. Were all the attending expenses, such as appropriate implements, neglect of business, and other concomitants, taken into account, probably four times the sum would be too small an estimate."

Captain Scott, in his interesting work "Rambles in Egypt and Candia," says—

"All the Arab race are addicted to the use of the pipe, and to this pernicious habit may be traced the origin of most of their vices, and a great proportion of their misery." And again, in a note, he observes—"Nothing tends so much as the pernicious and universal habit of smoking to retard all improvement amongst the natives of the East, producing habitual indolence, and occasioning an irreparable loss of time." He calls it elsewhere the "predominant vice of Mahomedanism." Now, with such warning and such examples before me, I own that I cannot contemplate the possibility of my countrymen becoming a nation of smokers, without the utmost pain. I would wish to put all parties, but especially the young, on their guard against the insidious and seductive approaches of the habit. The elegant pipe, the splendid snuff-box, and all the curious conveniences of tube, light, tobacco-pouch, and so on, are so many lures to the unwary; and many, by simply nibbling at these captivating baits, have been gradually led on, and at last turned into confirmed consumers. There is a temptation in the furniture of our fashionable snuff and cigar shops—"divans," as they are called, which it is hard to resist. It would seem almost worth while to "consume," for the sake of encompassing oneself with such beautiful toys; but I class all such resorts in the same category with the gin-palaces of London. Look to the end—observe what a confirmed habit of snuffing or smoking is—how wasteful, how enervating, how every way pernicious! The tyranny of it is dreadful. No man knows it thoroughly but he who has once been its slave. The craving of the nose once accustomed to be fed, for snuff—of the throat and fauces once seasoned to the use, for smoke—and of the teeth and gums once used to be drawn, for the reiterated chew—oh, it is dreadful!—and I say there is no remedy against the evil but teetotalism.

I have said nothing on those popular stimulants, tea and coffee, for, as generally used, I think they are both innocent, as they are certainly agreeable beverages. Let not my fair countrywomen, however, when they indulge in the "cup that cheers but not inebriates"—I mean the Howqua, or any other tea-mixture—aim at celebrity for preparing it over strong; for in this state, like other stimulants that we have been considering, I have no doubt that it is bad for weak nerves.

F.

**PEOPLE WITH ONE IDEA.**—There are people who have but one idea: at least if they have more, they keep it a secret, for they never talk but of one subject. There is Major C—; he has but one idea, or subject of discourse, Parliamentary Reform. Now, Parliamentary Reform is (as far as I know) a very good thing, a very good idea, and a very good subject to talk about; but why should it be the only one? To hear the worthy and gallant Major resume his favourite topic is like law-business, or a person who has a suit in Chancery going on. Nothing can be attended to, nothing can be talked of but that. Now it is getting on, now again it is standing still; at one time the Master has promised to pass judgment by a certain day, at another he has put it off again, and called for more papers; and both are equally reasons for speaking of it. Like the piece of pack-thread in the barrister's hands, he turns and twists it all ways, and cannot proceed a step without it. Some schoolboys cannot read but in their own book; and the man of one idea cannot converse out of his own subject. Conversation it is not, but a sort of recital of the preamble of a bill, or a collection of grave arguments for a man's being of opinion with himself. It would be well if there was any thing of character, any thing of eccentricity in all this; but that is not the case. It is a political homily personified, a walking common-place we have to encounter and listen to. It is just as if a man was to insist on your hearing him go through the fifth chapter of the Book of Judges every

time you meet, or like the story of the Cosmogony in the Vicar of Wakefield. It is a tune played on a barrel-organ. It is a common vehicle of discourse into which people get and are set down when they please, without any pains or trouble to themselves. Neither is it professional pedantry or trading quackery: it has no excuse. The man has no more to do with the question which he saddles on all his hearers than you have. This is what makes the matter hopeless. If a farmer talks to you about his pigs or his poultry, or a physician about his patients, or a lawyer about his briefs, or a merchant about stock, or an author about himself, you know how to account for this; it is a common infirmity; you have a laugh at his expense, and there is no more to be said. But here is a man who goes out of his way to be absurd, and is trouble-some by a romantic effort of generosity. You cannot say to him, "All this may be interesting to you, but I have no concern in it;" you cannot put him off in that way. He has got possession of a subject which is of universal and paramount interest, and on that plea may hold you by the button as long as he chooses. His delight is to harangue on what nowise regards himself; how then can you refuse to listen to what as little amuses you? The business admits of no delay. The question stands first on the order of the day—takes precedence in its own right of every other question. Any other topic, grave or gay, is looked upon in the light of impertinence, and sent to Coventry. Business is an interruption to it, pleasure a digression from it. As Cicero says of study, it follows the man into the country, it stays with him at home; it sits with him at breakfast, and goes out with him to dinner. It is like a part of his dress, of the costume of his person, without which he would be at a loss what to do. If he meets you in the street, he accosts you with it as a form of salutation; if you see him at his own house, it is supposed you come upon that. If you happen to remark, "it is a fine day," or "the town is full," it is considered as a temporary compromise of the question; you are suspected of not going the whole length of the principle. Is not this a species of sober madness more provoking than the real? Has not the theoretical enthusiast his mind as much warped, as much enslaved by one idea, as the acknowledged lunatic, only that the former has no lucid intervals? If you see a visionary of this class going along the street, you can tell as well what he is thinking of and will say next as the man that fancies himself a tea-pot or the Czar of Muscovy. The one is as inaccessible to the other: if the one raves, the other dotes! —*Hazlitt's Table-Talk.*

**COMFORTABLE CIRCUMSTANCES FAVOUR FORESIGHT.**—It is a most remarkable fact, totally at variance with what might *a priori* be expected, but confirmed by the universal experience of mankind, that the dominion of reason over the passions, the habit of foresight, and the power of forming a systematic plan for the conduct of life, are just in proportion to the degree in which the danger of immediate or the pressure of actual suffering has been removed from mankind. The savage who has no stock whatever for his support—who is in danger of immediate starvation, if his wonted supplies from the chase or his herds were to fail—is totally regardless of the future in every part of the world; while the rich man, whose subsistence and affluence are almost beyond the reach of chance, is incessantly in disquietude about the manner in which his subsequent life is to be spent. The certain prospect of instant death to himself and all that are dear to him, from the occurrence of a probable event, is unable to draw the attention of the one from the enjoyments of the moment; while the slight and improbable chance of a diminution in the smallest articles of future comfort, renders the other indifferent to the means of present enjoyment which are within his reach.—*Alison's Principles of Population.*

**APPRECIATION.**—After all, it is appreciation rather than praise that is delightful. An artist, for instance, how tired he must be of hearing his pictures called "beautiful, exquisite!"—of being told for the one hundredth time that he has surpassed himself; but let any one point out to him one of his own thoughts on the canvass, which he supposed likely to escape the general eye, and how grateful it is!

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